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kept indoors; but sometimes Mr. Makely came home from business so tired that she hated to send him out, even for the dog's sake, though he was so apt to become dyspeptic. 'They won't let you have dogs in some of the apartment-houses, but I tore up the first lease that had that clause in it, and I told Mr. Makely that I would rather live in a house all my days than any flat where my dog wasn't as welcome as I was. Of course they're rather troublesome.'"

How revealing this is, and how genial; how free from the patronage of sharpness, or the hint of caricature, which novelists with a grievance against their own era so often give us! Mr. Howells writes, indeed, not as a reformer with a grievance, but simply as a lover of his kind, perturbed over current errors but too wise to let them warp his judgment. As in his accurate study of the present, so in his hopeful thoughts of the future he is entirely sane and plausible. His *Altruria* is of goodness and common sense all compact; it is not fantastic. He has touched these things before, but this time with the more feeling and the finer art. The note he struck so many years ago and to which he has ever since been loyal, the note of kindly truth, is sounded in this romance in even greater fulness and richness. It is a sterling book for a veteran author to give to the world, a book gathering up the hope and courage that fire the heart of youth.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

"LAST WORDS ON EVOLUTION." *

ERNST HAECKEL has now reached the biblical years of three-score and ten, and tells us that his age will prevent him from again appearing in public. The pronouncement has its pathos, for the veteran professor has for nearly half a century carried on in Germany the battle for Darwin and Evolution. He has been perhaps its ablest champion; he has certainly been its boldest. Since the beginning of that great intellectual combat in Germany, he has made himself the target for the shafts of its opponents. They have attacked his science, and with the peculiar bitterness engendered by that conflict, they have attacked his personality. Unlike the gentle Darwin, he could not allow such attacks to pass unanswered and he has replied occasionally in no measured terms. It may be said in his praise, however, that he

* "Last Words on Evolution: A Popular Retrospect and Summary." By Ernst Haeckel. New York: Peter Eckler.

has never descended to invective and abuse. He has fought fairly, with unwavering conviction, with undaunted courage. He had a genius for titles, "The History of Creation," "The Riddle of the Universe." Age has not robbed him of this talent, and the present volume is sent out into the fray under the ringing caption, "Last Words on Evolution." After reading his book one may find oneself in accord with much that is told or retold therein; with the *justesse* of the title, however, neither scientist nor philosopher will agree. Haeckel's last words, if you will, but the last words on evolution they certainly are not. Some years ago many thought that the Synthetic Philosopher had already pronounced those last words; to-day you could count his adherents among philosophers of note on the fingers of one hand. If, by his title, the author intended to convey the idea that his book has in it anything really approaching finality, he doubtless believed it to lie in that philosophy of monism which is so highly lauded by his translator. But of this more anon.

His book is interesting for many reasons. Not the least of these will be its excellent presentation by a scientist of the first rank of a question that is in itself somewhat abstruse. It has been made more so by incompetent and unscrupulous popularizers who here, as elsewhere, have taken advantage of the modern fret for information of whatever sort. Professor Haeckel avoids phraseology that smells of the laboratory, yet his meaning is everywhere clear. In his own words, the work of his life has been "the advancement of knowledge by the spread of the idea of evolution." Occasionally he has done more than this. He has spread the idea of evolution in advance of present knowledge. Thus he has, with great pains, with much acumen, and no little conjecture (which is not knowledge) built the genealogical tree of the human race, going forward unabashed through those barrens in which data are lacking, and down the troubled paths where the evidences of geology and biology do not as yet entirely correspond and occasionally even contradict. He traces our descent from the acrania, a skull-less form somewhat similar to the living lancelet, through the cyclostoma, to fishes, dipneusts, amphibia, reptiles, mammals. Among the last our immediate ancestor is the pithecanthropus, or ape-man. All this is done with much circumstantiation, and in its completeness his tree reminds us somewhat of the similar tree of a certain Austrian

house which carries us all the way back to the Flood. The family has in addition a portrait which shows us Noah taking off his hat to the founder of their line. One wonders what the illustrious ancestor did when Noah turned on his heel and entered the Ark. Occasionally similar doubts perplex us here. Though we all of us go back as far as Noah, it takes much patient research and a strong sense of family pride to establish beyond cavil such a genealogy. Certain advocates of the dignity of our genus have protested against some of these bars sinister in our past, and Haeckel's tree has proved a fruitful subject of controversy among biologists and palaeontologists. If his tree is still very largely a matter of conjecture, for his main thesis, the mutability of species, Haeckel has adduced practically irrefutable evidence through his researches on radiolaria, and this is no mean service to the cause of evolution.

Haeckel will doubtless be remembered as one of the greatest scientists of his time. He has helped to do for Germany what Darwin did for England, and this in the face of an opposition which, if not more virulent, has at least been more lasting. As his scientific theory approached completeness he began to see in it the solution of all great fundamental problems. He began to substitute a system of science for a philosopher's theory of the universe, and from being a very excellent scientist he has become a very mediocre philosopher. Under his clairvoyant gaze, the original nebulous mist which the earth was, or was not, resolves itself into a world of perfectly developed species, even as the Milky Way under the telescope resolves itself into stars. The idea of evolution has become a sort of conjuror's hat out of which, with a little sleight-of-hand, Haeckel and his followers extract answers to any kind of question, if they do not, as sometimes happens, cavalierly deny the existence of any problem at all. Thus we are told that memory is a function of certain compounds of carbon; free will is not only an illusion, it is a delusion. We are made to feel that we have it when in reality we do not. He has sometimes been called an atheist, but denies the allegation; yet if there is a god in Haeckel's world he adheres so rigorously to his policy of non-intervention that it is impossible to be aware of his presence, and we cannot see how he comes into it unless it be *ex machina*, an hypothesis which Haeckel's scientific attitude forbids him to admit. He is a mere haggard

abstraction, and the logical principle of economy would exclude him. He is nothing more than La Place's useless hypothesis.

All this is part of the much-vaunted philosophy of Monism, usually spelled with a capital. What these monists have to say on free will we had already learned from the determinists; their contribution lies almost entirely in the magic word, process. This is the solvent which erodes and swallows up all old-fashioned difficulties. An objector might suggest that it makes of them only a saturated solution. Haeckel's main thesis is "the mechanical character of all physical and psychic activity, the unity of organic and inorganic life." This once established, we can disregard all distressing questions of metaphysic, all pettifogging epistemology, and all chimerical teleology. Previous philosophers had merely been battling with the mists. We have had philosophies based on numbers, like that of Pythagoras, or on history, like that of Hegel, but the monism based on the evolutionary process possesses the cardinal advantage of being immensely more simple. There are but two main categories, time and quantity. There can be no differences except of quantity. His intelligence man shares with the beasts, and in the end, as Goldwin Smith has said, "he lies down and dies like the dog."

How rapid the evolution of ideas occasionally is, we can see when we remember that Novalis, who has been dead little more than a century, could say that Philosophy bakes us no bread, but gives us God, freedom, and immortality. The three boons which the master science once conferred have been taken away. In Novalis's definition they have allowed her to retain only her inability to bake us bread.

One must distinguish carefully between Haeckel's monism and the monism of such other thinkers as Professor Royce, for example. As a system of philosophy the idea is not new, though the word may be. There is, too, the older monism of Spinoza, if we but choose to call it so, for his doctrine of substance is every whit as monistic and much more philosophical than this later creed. There is, too, a very nice problem, which, in spite of his monism, Spinoza thought it worth while to consider. Standing off, and looking at a heated plate of metal, we perceive it as white. As a matter of fact, it is hot, and its prepotent and important attribute is not its whiteness, but its heat. Before setting up a philosophy, might it not, therefore, be well to in-

investigate the relation and correspondence, or lack of correspondence, between our world of ideas and the external world of reality? To say that psychic activities are merely functions of compounds of carbon would, in this case, explain nothing. We still have no guarantee that the thing we remember is the record of anything that actually happened.

It would likewise be wrong to imply that there is any close similarity between Spinoza and Haeckel. The real congeners of Haeckel's philosophy are to be found largely in the Eighteenth Century. To us there is no fundamental difference between the present philosophy and Holbach's "System of Nature" and Helvetius's "*De l'Esprit*." Where Haeckel says process, Helvetius and Holbach said chance or necessity, and where there is no aim to the process we do not see that there is any particular difference. Perhaps we are old-fashioned, but it does seem as if Haeckel's philosophy were inadequate in its conclusions, and what is more serious, restricted in its outlook upon life. For him, reality, at its best, can be measured with a yardstick; at its worst, with the micrometer calipers. It considers, after all, but a single set of phenomena, but one aspect of the truth. He has carefully circumscribed a system of facts, leavened them with a conjecture to make them a unit, and then explained them with an "Eureka." This is as easy as setting up a man of straw and knocking him down again. We will not say that it is as unprofitable, for on Haeckel's part it has been an earnest endeavor to solve problems that deeply concern us all. His training as a scientist has stood in his light as a philosopher. That part of his work which deals with science shows him an investigator who will stand with the foremost of his century. He has the rare distinction of having contributed materially to the sum of human knowledge. But all this science has here become only the stair to his philosopher's tower of ivory. To us this tower is a mere castle in Spain, and the last words on evolution are still unuttered.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

NEW MEMORIES OF BEACONSFIELD.*

THE most bizarre figure that has attained prééminence in English politics since Charles James Fox is that of Benjamin

* "Lord Beaconsfield and Other Tory Memories." By T. E. Kebbel. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1907.